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ROYAL EDITION



THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND

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EDITED BY BROWN AND PITTMAN

Mrs. Kimson
from a friend
Christmas 1877

SONGS OF SCOTLAND;

WITH

NEW SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

J. PITTMAN.

THE TEXT AND MELODIES EDITED

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

The National Music of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland bears internal evidence of great antiquity. The music of each country has its own marked and distinguishing characteristics, yet all bear a strong family resemblance, shewing that they have had a common origin—that they are three branches from one parent stem.

There is a striking analogy between the old music and the old language of these three countries—the one helps to explain the other.

The names of many of the principal landmarks, rivers, &c., of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland bear ample testimony to the fact, that at one time a common language pervaded the whole of the British Isles. This language has only recently died out in Cornwall and the Isle of Man, and still exists in many parts of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. A good Celtic scholar can easily read the ancient documents of these various countries, and finds that the spoken dialects of the old language are not more diverse than the dialects of English at present spoken in the same localities.

Seeing that there was once a common language in our country, and that it has been preserved to us in its integrity, is it unreasonable to suppose that there was also a common music in our country, and that this also has come down to us intact?

This conclusion is all the more self-evident, when we find that our national music is constructed upon principles which have lain dormant for centuries.

It has been a great misfortune of our old Music, that these principles have been either unknown to, or misapprehended by modern musicians.

Scottish Music has especially suffered from this cause—its character has not been understood, and many of the melodies have been noted so as to destroy entirely their simplicity and peculiar charm.

Dr. Burney gives as the characteristics of Scottish music the following:—

1st. That it is Pentatonic, or constructed upon five notes of the scale, the fourth and seventh being omitted.

2nd. The marked and constant use of the flat seventh of the scale.

3rd. The Scotch snap.


He evidently knew little of Scottish music, and looked at it entirely from an Italian point of view.

An extensive examination of Scottish music shows that not more than five per cent. of the tunes are Pentatonic. Anyone can verify this statement by examining any collection of old tunes and trying how many of them can be played upon the five black keys of the piano, which is the usual test of Pentatonic theorists.

The Pentatonic form of the scale is certainly used in Scotland, but not to a greater extent than will be found in the primitive music of other countries.

Dr. Burney's characteristic of the flat seventh arises entirely from an error in notation. It can best be explained by an example. The well-known tune of "Tullochgorum" is usually written with eleven flat sevenths in the melody, which renders it practically unsingable. At page 166 it will be found without a single flat seventh or chromatic note of any kind, and yet in pitch and interval it is in every respect identical with the usual form of the melody in all standard works.

The theory of the flat seventh has arisen simply from music being erroneously noted in a mode of the scale different from that in which it is constructed.

The Scotch snap, or a short note preceding a long one upon a strong accent () may be found in profusion in modern (Scottish?) melodies, such as "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town." It is the characteristic of Strathspey music, distinguishing it from reel or jig time, but essentially it belongs to no other form of Scottish music any more than to the dances of other countries.

These characteristics of Dr. Burney's have unfortunately been accepted by most succeeding historians, critics, and musicians. Consequently we find modern Scotch music usually constructed upon the principles laid down by him, viz., the Pentatonic—flat sevenths—Scotch snaps. It may be accepted as an axiom that wherever any one of these abound, the music may be looked upon with suspicion, and where all are found together it may be set down as a modern imitation.

The true characteristics of Scottish Music are very different—

First—May be remarked its simplicity, being usually written in one key, without transition or chromatic tones of any kind.

Secondly—While transition or change of key is all but unknown in old Scottish Music, modulation within the same key is constant and very marked. Any one examining the tune of "Duncan Gray" (page 45) will find an example of this. In this melody it will be found that modulations on the 7th and 4th of the scale (the two tones proscribed by Dr. Burney's Pentatonic theory) are peculiarly striking and effective.

Thirdly—The old melodies are constructed on all the modes of the scale—those of the 1st, 4th, and 5th being major; the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and 7th being minor. The mode of the 1st of the scale being our ordinary major mode, needs no notice here.

The mode of the 4th is common in our Dance Music. No example of it occurs in this work, but such tunes as "The Reel of Tulloch," "The Fyket," and "Gillie Callum," or the Sword Dance, are constructed in this mode, and are known wherever the bag-pipes have been heard. The diapason of the bag-pipe, which has been a puzzle to many, is constructed in this mode, and ranges from F to upper G. The knowledge of this solves many difficulties regarding this instrument.

The mode of the 5th is one of the finest and most characteristic. Many of the best known Scottish Melodies are constructed upon it. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" (page 32), and "A Man's a Man for a' that" (page 44), are familiar examples.

When music constructed upon this mode is noted upon the mode of the 1st, or common major mode, the flat sevenths appear, for this note is that which distinguishes the one mode from the other. In the mode of 1st the seventh is major, in the mode of the 5th it is minor, but in neither is it chromatic.

The mode of the 2nd of the scale is the commonest form of Scottish minor tunes. It differs from the mode of the 6th of the scale, by having a major sixth. Many of the most touching melodies are constructed upon it, such as the exquisite, very old tune "Bonnie Dundee," set in this work to the words "Saw ye my wee thing" (page 80), "John Anderson my Jo" (page 33), and "My boy Tammie" (page 114).

The mode of the 6th is not so common, but is always marked by having the full 7th below the key—that is the minor seventh, not the major, as in the modern minor scale. "Logan Water" (page 75) and "My Love's in Germanie" (page 137), are examples of this mode. The introduction of the sharpened seventh, which has been frequently attempted, quite destroys the character of these melodies, and has injured their popularity. In this mode of the 6th of the scale, many of the most humorous Scottish songs are written, such as the "Laird o' Cockpen" (page 28), "There cam' a Young Man to my Daddie's door," and many others.

The mode of the 3rd possesses the gentle character which distinguishes that tone of the scale. In it will be found written such tunes as "Roy's Wife of 'Aldivalloch" (page 36), "The Braes o' Balquhider" (page 64), and "Saw ye Johnnie comin'" (page 57).

The mode of the 7th of the scale, which is very peculiar, is not unknown in Scottish Music. There are no examples of it in this work. Though rare in our National Music, it is very common in the music of other nations.

Fourthly—Though such a large proportion of Scottish Melodies are minor, the sharpened or major 7th, is never found in them. The old melodies come down

from a period anterior to the use of this tone in music of any kind. Wherever it is found in an old tune, as in "Wanderin' Willie," it indicates a modern interpolation. In the Cadences of this tune in its original form, no such tone exists.

The flat 7th may be found in such tunes as "Afton Water" (page 112), and the modern form of "Auld Robin Gray;" (page 10) but this tune, like "Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Toun," "Thou art gane awa'" (an artistic ornamented form of "Haud awa' frae me, Donald"), and many others, are well known to be modern compositions.

The Ancient order of Bards was the chief means of preserving the National Music of our country, from pre-historic times, through the middle ages, down even to our own day. The tales, the legends, and music of the Bards, still maintain their hold in the Highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales. Much of the music is yet unpublished, and, consequently, unknown to the world outside. Sometimes a well-known Highland tune appears, unacknowledged, under a strange name, and achieves astonishing popularity; such, for instance, as the absurd song "Kafoozle-um," the tune of which is one of the best known pibroch-marches in the Highlands. History records, that when returning from the defeat of Sir John Cope at Dunbar, the Highlanders entered Edinburgh, playing this march, the burden of the words being—

We will take the high way,
We will take the high way.
We will take the high way;
Let others take their will O!

Sometimes a well-known melody is changed in time or form, so that an old familiar friend becomes hardly recognisable. Who, for instance, detects in "Johnnie comes Marching Home" and "Willie we have missed you," the two Scotch songs, "John Anderson, my Jo'" and "Jock o' Hazeldean" in an American dress?

Since the appearance of the *Beggar's Opera*, in which so many National Songs are found, it has been very common for operatic writers to introduce such music into their works; so that the composers of the opera frequently get credit for melodies of which any country may be proud, but which are wrongfully used without acknowledgment.

The Scottish origin of "Comin' Through the Rye" has been questioned, because it appeared in an English opera at the close of last century; but Burns had previously contributed words for this melody to Johnson's Museum. His verses were founded upon the burden of an older song, which is still familiarly known in Scotland, and refers to the *ford* at Dalry, in Ayrshire—

Jenny's a' wat, puir bodie,
Jenny's seldom dry,
She draigt a' her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the rye.
Comin' thro' the rye, puir bodie,
Comin' through the rye,
She draigt a' her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the rye.

Few who hear the overture to Boildieu's opera of *La Dame Blanche* know that the exquisite opening melody is the old Scotch song, "The Bush aboon Traquair" (page 90), and the time may come when foreigners will believe that "Auld Langsyne" must have been composed by Niedermeyer because it appears in his opera of *Marie Stuart*, and the "Last Rose of Summer" by Flotow, because it appears in *Marta*.

The ancient lyric and ballad music of England has unfortunately to a great extent been lost. The old words are still preserved in hundreds, with the names of the tunes attached, but these have perished. When the words became unsuitable to the changed times and standard of morals in the country they ceased to be sung, and most of the melodies were consequently soon forgotten.

In Scotland the case was very different. The old Scotch and Gaelic words were too often such as only deserved to be forgotten; but fortunately the tunes have been preserved by the writings of the galaxy of Lyrists who have flourished in Scotland during the past and present centuries.

Allan Ramsay, Rev. J. Skinner, Burns, Tannahill, Macneill, Campbell, Hogg, and Scott, are among the best known names. So also are Baroness Nairne, Mrs. Cockburn, Jane Elliot, Joanna Baillie, and Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. Nor must the humble Jean Adams, nor Jean Glover, be omitted, whose single songs, "There's nae luck about the house" (page 22), and "Owre the muir among the heather" (page 102), have been so deservedly popular. These and many more, touched with the beauty of their country's melodies, in the true spirit of poetry, set them to words worthy of them, and have thus not only preserved them to the nation, but made them known to the world.

Moore, by his melodies, has to some extent done the same for Ireland, but much remains yet to be done. In Wales the work* has almost to be begun, but surely lyrists will yet arise whose honour it shall be to provide suitable English words for the numberless exquisite melodies of these countries, some of which are popular over the whole world, even without words. Others are comparatively little known, and very many are still heard only in the homes of a simple people dwelling in quiet glens and remote corners of the country.

This collection of songs contains not only many of the best old words and music, but also a number of more modern origin—such, for instance, as "Call'er herrin" (page 14), written by Neil Gow, whose name well deserves to be remembered in connection with the music of his country. The subject of this characteristic tune is taken from the peal of bells in the old tower of St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, and the well-known cry of the Newhaven fishwives, heard in different keys along the streets.

The tune of "Robin Adair," as sung by Mr. Braham, and since generally adopted in England, is given at page 47; but the true form of the melody, and the only one known in Ireland and Scotland, will be found at page 168; for pathos and simplicity this exquisite old air cannot be surpassed. Similarly, both versions of "And ye shall walk in silk attire," and "Auld Robin Gray" are given.

This collection of Scotch Music having been submitted to me by the Publishers, I have carefully revised the words and melodies, so far as lay in my power.

The harmonies, accompaniments, and symphonies have been composed and arranged by Mr. J. Pittman.

Everything has been done to secure accuracy of words, truthfulness of melody, and popular accompaniments, so as to render the work worthy of a wide-spread circulation.

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* [Since the above was written the work alluded to has been undertaken and completed by Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS, and the Royal Edition of the Songs of Wales, with new Welsh and English Words, uniform with the Songs of Scotland, may now be had.—B. & Co.]

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Gin a body meet a body.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G minor, 2/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand with eighth-note patterns and a bass line in the left hand with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is in G minor, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Com-in' thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "Need a bo-dy cry? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet". The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *cresc.*

The third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: "a' the lads they smile at me When com-in' thro' the rye." The piano accompaniment features a *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has, etc.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or whaur his hame,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has, etc.

Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Andante.

PIANO. *p dolce.* *p*

The sun has gane down o'er the

lof - ty Ben - Lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene: While

lane - ly I stray in the calm sim-mer gloam-in', To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the

flower o' Dum-blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld-ing blos-som, And

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The piano part begins with a 'p dolce.' marking and later has a 'p' marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system shows the beginning of the song with the lyrics 'The sun has gane down o'er the'. The second system continues with 'lof - ty Ben - Lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene: While'. The third system continues with 'lane - ly I stray in the calm sim-mer gloam-in', To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the'. The fourth system concludes with 'flower o' Dum-blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld-ing blos-som, And'.

sweet is the birk wi' its man-tle o green; But sweet-er and fair-er, and

dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dum-blane, Is

love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the

flower o' Dum-blane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling, [blane.
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dum-
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 Is charming young Jessie, etc.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 Tho' mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 If wanting sweet Jessie, etc.

Annie Laurie.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gie'd me her pro-mise true, Gie'd me her pro-mise

true, Which ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and

cresc. *sf* *p* *pp ad lib.*

cresc. *sf* *p* *pp colla voce.*

dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Huntingtower; or, "When ye gang awa, Jamie."

Andantino.
p dolce.
 PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff for the piano, followed by a vocal line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The piano part starts with a 'p dolce' dynamic. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'JEANIE. When ye gang a - wa, Ja - mie, Far a - cross the sea, lad - die,'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. The score continues with two more vocal entries: 'When ye gang to Ger - ma - nie, What will ye send to me, lad - die?' and a final piano section marked 'dolce'.

JAMIE. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
 The bravest in the town, lassie.
 And it shall be o' silk and gowd,
 Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie.

JEANIE. That's nae gift awa, Jamie,
 Silk and gowd an' a', laddie,
 There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
 I'd like when ye're awa, laddie.

JAMIE. When I come back again, Jeanie,
 Frae a foreign land, lassie,
 I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
 To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

JEANIE. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
 Marry me yoursel', laddie,
 And tak' me ower to Germanie,
 Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

JAMIE. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
 I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
 For I've a wife and bairnies three,
 And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

JAMIE. Blair in Athol's mine, lassie,
 Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
 Saint Johnston's bower, and Huntingtower,
 And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

JEANIE. Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
 Ye should hae telt me that lang syne, laddie,
 For had I kent o' your fause heart,
 Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

JAMIE. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
 Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
 That ilka day bewitch'd me see,
 I couldna help mysel', lassie.

JEANIE. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
 Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
 And I will pray they ne'er may thole
 A braken heart like me, laddie.

JAMIE. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
 Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
 I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
 And I'll wed name but thee, lassie.

JEANIE. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
 Ye'll no get aye mair true, laddie;
 But I have neither gowd nor lands,
 To be a match for you, laddie.

And ye shall walk in silk attire.

Andantino espressivo.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andantino espressivo'. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

And ye shall walk in silk at - tire, and sil - ler ha'e to

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'And ye shall walk in silk at - tire, and sil - ler ha'e to'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

spe-e,..... Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor think on Do - nald

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'spe-e,..... Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor think on Do - nald'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

mair. O, wha wad buy a silk - en gown Wi' a

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'mair. O, wha wad buy a silk - en gown Wi' a'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

poor..... bro - ken heart?..... Or what's to me a

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'poor..... bro - ken heart?..... Or what's to me a'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

sil - ler crown, Gin frae my love I part f.. And ye shall walk in

cresc. *p* *rit.* *tempo.*

silk at - tire, And sil - ler ha'e to spare, ... Gin

ye'll con - sent to be my bride, Nor think on Do - nald

mair

The mind whose meanest wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
 I'll lay me down and dee.
 For I ha'e vow'd a virgin's vow
 My lover's fate to share;
 And he has giv'n to me his heart,
 And what can man do mair?
 And ye shall walk, etc.

His mind and manners wam my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift;
 And did I wish to see it back,
 It wad be waur than theft;
 For longest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
 I'll lay me down and dee.
 And ye shall walk, etc.

Here awa', there awa'.

Affettuoso.

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *Affettuoso* and *p* (piano). The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa',

The first vocal line is in 3/4 time, marked *p*. The melody is simple and catchy, with the lyrics 'Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa'.

there a - wa, haud a - wa hame. Come to my bo - som, my

The second vocal line continues the melody in 3/4 time, with the lyrics 'there a - wa, haud a - wa hame. Come to my bo - som, my'.

ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bringst me my Wil - lie the same.

The third vocal line concludes the phrase in 3/4 time, with the lyrics 'ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bringst me my Wil - lie the same.'

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my e'e;
Welcome, now summer, and welcome, my Willie
The summer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain'

Jock o' Hazeldean.

Andante moderato.

Why weep ye by the

PIANO. *dolce.*

tide, la-dye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my young-est son, And ye shall be his

bride. And ye shall be his bride, la-dye, Sae come-ly to be seen—But aye she loot the

cresc. *p*

tears down fa', For Jock o Ha-zel-dean.

sf *dolce.*

Now let this wifu's grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale.
His step is first in peaceful ha,
His sword in battle keen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettl'd hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The taper glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her bath by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen;
She's o'er the border, and awa
Jock o' Hazeldean.

Auld Robin Gray.

Andante
 PIANO. *p* *mf*

Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But

dim. *p*

sav - ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be - side; To make the crown a pound my

Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He

p

had na been gane a week but on - ly twa, When my fa - ther brake his arm, and our

con dolore. *cresc.*

cow was stown a - wa; My mith - er she fell sick, and my Ja - mie at the sea, and

mf *p*

auld Ro - bin Gray cam a court - ing me.

mf *dim.*

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them both, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"
 My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
 The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
 Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
 They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
 I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair did we greet, and nickerle did we say;
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
 Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!
 I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I carena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

The Land o' the Leal.

Adagio.

PIANO. *p*

p p *legato.*

mf

land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's neither could nor care, Jean, The

mf *p*

day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.

mf *dim.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The piano part begins with a series of chords and arpeggios, while the voice part enters with the lyrics. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include piano (p), pianissimo (pp), mezzo-forte (mf), and diminuendo (dim.).

Ye aye were leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended noo, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
 And we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
 My soul longs to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and aye be faim
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon.

Andante cantabile.

PIANO.

p *mf* *p*

mf

p dolce.

p *mf*

Ye banks and braes o'
 bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye
 lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Thou'lt break my heart, thou
 warb - ling bird, That wan - tons through the flow' - ry thorn, Thou mindst me o' de -
 part - ed joys, De - part - ed na - ver to re - turn.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twins;
 When ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 But my fause lover stole my rose,
 And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Caller Herrin'.

Moderato.

♫ L'LANO. *mf*

Wha'll buy cal-ler her-rin'? They're bonnie fish and hale-some far-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin',

New drawn frae the Forth. When yewer sleep-ing on your pil-lows, Dreamt ye aught o' our pair fel-lows,

Dark-ling as they face the bil-lows, A' to fill our wo-ven wil-lows. Buy my cal-ler her-rin', They're

bon-nie fish and halesome far-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll

cresc.

buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're no brought here with - out brave dar - in',

This system consists of a vocal melody line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Buy my cal - ler her - rin', Ye lit - tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? O

dim.

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking 'dim.' (diminuendo) under the second measure of the second system.

ye may ca' them vul - gar fa - rin'; Wives and mithers maist de-spair-in', Ca' them lives o' men.

This system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line.

And when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silk and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin', etc.

Noo neebor' wives come tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish y'e're sellin',
At a word be ye your deelin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin',
Wha'll buy my caller herrin', etc.

Bonnie Dundee.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

mf

p

To the Lords of Conventi..n 'twas

Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each ca-va-li-er who loves

honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come

sad-die my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae free, For its

up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

p

mf

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinnewassels three thousand times three,
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me,
Come fill up my cup, etc.

Charlie is my darling.

Allegro.

Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, My

PIANO. *f* *p*

dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - valier. 'Twas

on a Monday morning, Right early in the year, When Charlie came to our town, The young Chevalier. Oh!

Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, The young Che - valier.

As he cam marchin up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Oh! there were many beating hearts,
And many hopes and fears;
And many were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?

Espressivo.

p *dim.* *p*

PIANO.

O

Nan - nie, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunt - ing town? Can

si - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - ly cot, and rus - set gown? No

long - er drest in silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with jew - els rare, Say,

can'st thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where thou wert fair - est of the fair? Say,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line in G major, marked 'Espressivo.' The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings: 'p' (piano) and 'dim.' (diminuendo). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

can'st thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where thou wert fair - est

of the fair? Where thou wert fair - est, where thou wert fair - est, Where

thou wert fair - est of the fair?

mf

O Nannie, when thou'rt far away.
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
 Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O, can that soft and gentle mien
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, can'st thou love so true,
 Through perils keen wi' me to go?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Within a mile of Edinburgh town

Moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Twas with-in a mile of E-din-bu-ryh town, In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and gay. Kiss'd young Jen-ny mak-ing hay; The las-sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na, maun-na buck-le to."

Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
 Though lang he had followed the lass;
 Contented she earned and ate her brown bread,
 And merrily turned up the grass.
 Bonnie Jockie blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily; [winna do;
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na, na, it
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

But when he row'd he wad make her his bride.
 Though his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true,
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na, na, it winna
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

Auld Langsyne.

Affettuoso.
 PIANO.

Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev - er brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance

be for-got, And days o' lang - syne? For auld lang - syne, my dear, For

auld lang - syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang - syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
 As surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

There's nae luck about the house.

Allegro.
PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegro* and *mf*. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

And are ye sure the news is true? And

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics 'And are ye sure the news is true? And' are written below the vocal line.

are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to talk o' wark? Ye

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to talk o' wark? Ye' are written below the vocal line.

jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark, When

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark, When' are written below the vocal line.

Co - lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Co - lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And' are written below the vocal line.

see him come a - snore. For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's

nae luck at a, There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, When

our gudeman's a - wa'

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been laig awa'.
For there's nae luck, etc.

There are twa hens upon the bauk
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fair:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look bray;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Come, gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown;
And rin and tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Turkey-slippers they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head.
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!
For there's nae luck, etc.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Logie o' Buchan.

Moderato

PIANO. *p* *cresc.*

dolce.

O Lo-gie o' Buch-an, O Lo-gie the laird, They ha'e ta'en a-wa' Ja mie that

delv'd in the yard; Wha play'd on the pipe and the vi-ol sae sma', They ha'e ta'en a-wa'

più mosso.

Ja-mie, the flow'r o' them a'. He said, "Think nae lang, las-sie, though I gang a-

-wa', For I'll come and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

Though Sandy has oosen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye;
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.

He said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're no half sae dear, Jamie, as you to me.

He said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,
And gied me the half o't when he gued awa.

He said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'.
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

Ye said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

Get up and bar the door.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *mf*

It fell a-bout the Mart'-mas time, And a

p

gay time it was then, O! When our gude-wife had pud-dins to mak', And she

boil'd them in the pan, O!

mf

The wind blew cauld frae north to south,
And blew in to the floor, O!
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door, O!"

"My hand is in my bussyskip,
Gudeman, as ye may see, O!
An it should na be barr'd this hummer year,
I'll no be barr'd by me, O!"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O!
Whae'er spak' the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O!

Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O!
And they could see nae house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light, O!

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O?
But ne'er a word wad aye o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O!

And first they ate the white puddins,
And syne they ate the black, O!
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

Then the aye unto the other said—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what will we do then, O?"
"What ails you at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan, O?"

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O!
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scaud nee wi' puddin' bree, O!"

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O!
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O!"

The Campbells are comin'.

Allegro.
 PIANO. *f*

S
 The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho, The

Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lochle-ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. Up -

- on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look-ed down to

bonnie Lochleven, and saw three bon-nie pip-ers play.

Great Argyle, he goes before,
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar
 W' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
 The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.
 The Campbells are comin', etc.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show;
 W' banners rattlin' in the wind.
 The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.
 The Campbells are comin' etc

Blue bonnets over the border.

Allegretto, con spirito.

PIANO. *mf*

March! march! Ett-rick and Te-viot-dale, Why, my lads, din-na ye march for-ward in or - der?

March! march! Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale, All the blue bon-nets are o - ver the bor - der.

Ma-ny a ban-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous iu sto - ry:

Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glo - ry.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.
 March, march, Ett-ric and Teviotdale, etc.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

The Laird o' Cock-pen he's proud an' he's great, His

mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But

fa-vour wi' woo-in' was fashions to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thoct she'd look well:
McCleish is ae dochter a' Clavers'-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-powthered, as gude as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie:
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—
"What brings the Laird here at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na."
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd was he—but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
An' aften he thoct, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said,
"Oh! for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

My love she's but a lassie yet.

Allegretto, con spirito.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), and *f* (forte). The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with some words appearing above the staff for better readability. The score is divided into several systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
 She's neither plump nor gaucy yet
 But just a jinkin;
 Bonnie Blinksin'
 Hilly-silly lassie yet.
 But O her artless smile's mair sweet
 Than hinny or than marmalete;
 An' right or wrang,
 Ere it be lang,
 I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
 The very breeze that kisses her,
 The flowery beds
 On which she treads,
 Though wae for aye that misses her.
 Then O to meet my lassie yet,
 Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
 For all I see
 Are nought to me
 Save hae that's but a lassie yet!

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad! Tho'

p

fa-ther and mo-ther, and a' should gae mad, O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But wa-ri-ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back

yett be a - jee; Syne up the back style and let nae - bo - dy see, And

come as ye were na com-in' to me. O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad, O

whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad, Tho' fa-ther and mo-ther and a' should gae mad, O

whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
 At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a die,
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e.
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
 O whistle, etc.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
 Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whyles ye may lichtly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 O whistle, etc.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf* *f* *dim.*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand, with chords in the right hand.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led, Wel-come to your

p *mf*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody is in 2/4 time, with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand, with chords in the right hand.

go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie! Now's the day an now's the hour.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody is in 2/4 time, with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand, with chords in the right hand.

See the front of bat-tle lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-rie!

The third line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody is in 2/4 time, with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand, with chords in the right hand.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn an' flee!
 Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or dee!

John Anderson, my jo.

Andante.

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in G major, 4/4 time, marked Andante. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment starting on G3, moving up stepwise to D4.

John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the

The first system of the song. The vocal line begins on G4, with lyrics 'John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the bass and provides harmonic support in the treble.

ra-ven, Your bon-nie brow was bent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your

The second system of the song. The vocal line continues with 'ra-ven, Your bon-nie brow was bent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your fros-ty pow, John An-der-son, my

The third system of the song. The vocal line continues with 'locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your fros-ty pow, John An-der-son, my'. The piano accompaniment continues.

jo.

mf

The fourth system of the song. The vocal line ends with 'jo.' and a final note on G4. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in G major. The dynamic marking *mf* is indicated at the start of this system.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot
 John Anderson my jo.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.



Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?
 Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?
 He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell,
 And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.
 He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
 Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
 A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
 And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.
 A bonnet with a lofty plume, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
 Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
 Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
 For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain
 Oh, no! true love will be his guard, etc.

The waeifu' heart.

Larghetto.
PIANO.

Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You would-na speak in vain;.. But in the darksome
grave it's laid, Nev - er to rise a - - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies
low wi' his Whose heart was on - ly mine;..... And, oh! what a heart was
that to lose, But I maun neer re - pine.

Yet, oh! gin Heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tak' this life, now naething worth,
Sin' Jamie's in his grave.
And see, his gentle spirit comes,
To show me on my way!
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here.
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

"I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And, oh! wi' what gude-will,
I follow whaurso'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill."
She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possess'd;
Her waeifu' heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrow sunk to rest.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch,

Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch, Wat ye how she cheat-ed me As

I came o'er the braes o' Bal-loch. She vowd, she swore she

wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o-ny; But, oh! the fic-kle,

faith - less quean, She's ta'en the Carle, and left her John - nie.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes o Bal-loch.

mf

O, she was a canty quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, etc.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, etc.

The Lass o' Gowrie.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

"Twas on a simmer's af-ter-noon, A wee be-fore the
p
 sun gaed down, My las-sie in a braw new gown Cam' o'er the hills to
 Gow-rie. The rose-bud ting'd wi' morn-ing show'r Blooms fresh with-in the
 sun-my bow'r, But Kit-ty was the fair-est flow'r That ev-er bloom'd in Gow-rie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
 But round her waist my arms I lang,
 And said, my lassie, will ye gang
 To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
 I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
 In yon green field beside the shaw,
 And mak' ye lady o' them a'—
 The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
 She whisper'd modestly and said,
 I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.
 The auld folk soon gied their consent,
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
 Wha tied them to their heart's content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

We're a' Noddin'.

Moderato.

And we're a' noddin' nid, nid, noddin', And we're

PIANO. *mf* *p*

8

a' noddin' at our house at hame. Gude e'en to ye, kimmer, And are ye alane? Oh, come and see how blythe we are, For

cresc.

Jamie he's cam' hame, And oh, but he's been laug-a-wa', And oh, my heart was sair As I sobb'd out a lang fareweel, May

2nd time f

be to meet nae mair. Noo we're a' noddin' nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

p

mf

Oh, sair hae I fought,
 Ear and late did I toil,
 My bairnies for to feed and clead,
 My comfort was their smile!
 When I thoct on Jamie far awa',
 An' o' his love sa' fain,
 A bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart,
 We'd may be meet again.
 Noo we're a' noddin'. *etc.*

When he knockt at the door,
 I thoct I kent the rap,
 And little Katie cried aloud,
 "My daddie, he's cam' back!"
 A stoun gaed thro' my anxio's breast.
 As thoctfully I sat,
 I raise, I gazed, fell in his arms,
 And bursted out and grat.
 Noo we're a' noddin'. *etc.*

The Boatie rows.

41

Moderato.

mf con espress.

PIANO.

O weel may the
boa-tie row, And bet-ter may she speed; O weel may the boa-tie row, That wins the bairn's
bread. The boa-tie rows, the boa-tie rows, The boa-tie rows fu' weel; And muckle luck at -
- tend the boat, The murlan and the creel.

I cist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
They're three to roast, and three to boil,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.
O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.
When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wau frae me my heart;
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,
And dress'd myself fu' haw,
I trow my heart was dowf and wae
When Jamie gaed awa'.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart.
When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten leary,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be the heart that bears
The murlan and the creel.
And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm
As we did them before:
Then weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairn's bread,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

Green grow the rushes, O.

Allegro.

PIANO. *mf*

There's nought but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that pas-ses, O! What sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An'

'twere na' for the las-ses, O! Green grow the rush-es, O! green grow the rash-es, O! The sweetest hour that

ere I spent Were spent a-mang the las-ses, O!

The worldly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow the rushes, O! etc.

Gi' me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' worldly cares and worldly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow the rushes, O! etc.

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the war' e'er saw
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow the rushes, O! etc.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest works she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow the rushes, O! etc.

My love is like a red, red rose.

Andantino. Till
O my

PIANO.

all the seas gang dry, my dear, Till all the seas gang dry; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till
love is like a red, red rose That's new-ly sprung in June; My love is like a me-lo-dy That's

all the seas gang dry.
sweet-ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So deep in love am I; And

I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run

But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

A man's a man for a' that.

Allegretto.

Is there for hon - est

po - ver - ty That hangs his head, an' a' that? The cow - ard slave we pass him by, We

daur be puir for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob - seure, and

a' that; The rank is but the gui - neas stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

PIANO. *mf* *p*

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.
Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his micht,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.
Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Duncan Gray.

45

Allegro.

Piano.

mf

Dun-can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't; On blythe Yule night, when we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't. Mag-gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd a-silent, and un-co skeigh, Gart poor Dun-can stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith blea'd an' blin',
Spak' o' loupin' o'er a linn,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
"Shall I, like a fool," quo' he,
"For a haughty lizzie dee?"
She may gae to—France—for me!
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't."

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O! her een, they spak' sic things,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Maggie's was a piteous ease,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Roslin Castle.

Andante espressivo.

PIANO. *mf*

p

f

'Twas in that sea - son of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That

Co - lin, with the morn - ing ray, A - rose and sung his ru - ral lay: Of Nan - nie's charms the

shep - herd sung, Tho' hills and dales with Nan - nie rung; While Ros - lin cas - tle

heard the swain, And e - cho'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing,
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song!
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
O! bid her haste and come away:
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on every spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:
'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine!

Robin Adair.

Affettuoso.

What's this dull town to me?

PIANO. *p*

Ro - bin's not near. What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to

hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a heav'n on earth?

f *dim.*

Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.

What made th' assembly shine:
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me.
Robin Adair,
But now thou'rt cold to me.
Robin Adair,
Yet he I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

Braw, braw lads.

Larghetto.

Braw, braw lads on

PIANO. *mf* *p*

Yar - row braes, Ye wan - der thro the bloom - ing hea - ther; But

Yar - row braes nor Et - trick shaws Can match the lads o' Ga - la Wa - ter.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'Yar - row braes, Ye wan - der thro the bloom - ing hea - ther; But'. The third system continues with 'Yar - row braes nor Et - trick shaws Can match the lads o' Ga - la Wa - ter.' The fourth system shows the final measures of the piece. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo is marked *Larghetto*.

But there is aye, a secret aye,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I haena meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It neer was wealth, it neer was wealth
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O, that's the chiefest world's treasure

O waly, waly up the bank.

Larghetto.

PLANO.

O wa - ly, wa - ly up the bank, And
 wa - ly, wa - ly down the brae, And wa - ly by yon riv - er side, Where I and my love
 went to gae. I leant my back un - to an aik, I thought it was a trus - ty tree! But
 first it bow'd and syne it brak', And sae did my true love to me.

O waly, waly, love is bonnie
 A little time while it is new;
 But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O, wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.
 Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me;
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 An' shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For o' my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie,
 The not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
 When we can't in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad in the black velvet,
 An' I mysel' in cramasie.
 But had I wist before I kiss'd
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,
 An' pin'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were borm,
 An' set upon the nurse's knee,
 An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,
 An' the green grass growin' over me!

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley?

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

O, saw ye bon-nie Les-ley. As she gaed o'er the bor-der? She's
gane like Al-ex-an-der, To spread her con-quests far-ther. To see her is to
love her. And love but her for ev-er, For Na-ture made her what she is, And
ne'er made sic an-i-ther.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts of men adore thee.
The de'il he cou'dna skaithe thee;
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like thyselfs sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie I
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

Auld Rob Morris.

Andante
PIANO. *mf*

There's auld Rob Mor-ris that

wons in yon glen; He's the king o' gude fel-lows, and wale o' auld

men. He has gowd in his cof-fers, he has ows-en and kine,.. And

ae bon-nie lase, his dar-ling and mine.

mf

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
But, oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane,
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghast,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smile upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my dis-tress na words can express!

Farewell to Lochaber.

Affettuoso.
 PIANO.

Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare -

- well to my Jean, Where heart - some wi' thee I he's mo - ny days

been; For Loch - a - ber no.... more, Loch - a - ber no.... more, We'll

may - be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I

shed they are a' for my dear, And no for the dan - gers at -

- tend - ing on weir; Tho' borae on rough seas to a far dis - tant

shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave:
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse:
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.
 I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er.
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The Ewe-bughts.

Andante.
PIANO. *mf*

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Ma-rion, And wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines

sweet, my Ma-rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee! The sun shines sweet, my

Ma-rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha' gape and glow'r with their e'e
At kirk, when they see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's got a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' London brown,
And wow but ye will be vapping
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle-o' cramasie;
And when ev'ning comes, my Marion,
Then I'll come west and see thee.

The birks of Aberfeldy.

Moderato.

PIANO *f*

p

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go, Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go To the

birks of A - ber - fel - dy? Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the crys-tal streamlet plays, Come

let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A-ber-fel - dy.

lento.

* While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, etc.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fas,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, etc.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, etc.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, etc.

The winter it is past.

Andante sostenuto.

PIANO.

mf *p*

The win-ter it is
past, and the sim-mer's come at last, And the small birds sing on ev'-ry tree
The hearts of these are glad, but mine is ve-ry sad, For my true love is
part-ed from me.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a single melodic line in the right hand and a supporting accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andante sostenuto'. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and piano (p). The lyrics are integrated into the musical notation, with some words appearing above the staff and others below. The score consists of four systems of music.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May give joy to the linnet and the bee;
Their little loves are bless'd, and their little hearts at rest;
But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun that in the sky doth run,
For ever so constant and true;
But here is like the moon that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe—
A woe that no mortal can cure.

Saw ye Johnnie comin'?

Andantino.

Piano.

mf

p

f

Saw ye John-nie com-in'? quo' she,

Saw ye Johnnie com-in'? Saw ye Johnnie com-in'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie com-in'? O,

saw ye John-nie com-in'? quo' she, Saw ye John-nie com-in', Wi' his blue bon-net on his head,

And his dog-gie rinnin'? quo' she, And his doggie rin-nin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him.
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a weel doin';
 And a' the wark about the house
 Goes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he?
 What will I do wi' him?
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
 And I hae nae to gie him.
 I hae twa sarks into my kist,
 And aye o' them I'll gie him,
 And for a merk o' mair fee,
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him;
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him.
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

The braes aboon Bonaw.

Moderato. 8

Wilt thou go, my bonnie las-sie, Wilt thou go, my

PIANO. *f* *p*

braw las-sie, Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-boon Bo-naw, las-sie? Tho'

Do-mald hae nae mic-kle fraise Wi' Law-land speeches fine, las-sie, What he'll im-part comes

frae the heart, Sae let it be from thine, las-sie.

f

* When summer days cleed a' the braes
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
At milking shiel we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go, etc.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, etc.

For trout and par, wi' cannie care
I'll wily skim the flee, lassie;
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
Thou come awa' wi' me, lassie.
Wilt thou go, etc.

" Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share
Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."
Wilt thou go, etc.

My heart is sair for somebody.

PLANO

Moderato.

224f

My heart is sair, I daur - na tell, My heart is sair for some - bo - dy:

I could wake a win-ter night For the sake o' some - bo - dy. Oh hon, for some - bo - dy!

Oh hey, for some - bo - dy! I could range the world a - round For the sake o' some - bo - dy.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O! sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh hon, for somebody!
Oh hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not,
For the sake o' somebody?

What's a' the steer, kimmer?

Allegro.

What's a' the steer, kimmer.

PIANO.

What's a the steer? Char - lie he is land - ed, And haith he'll soon be here; Tho

win' was at his back, Carle, The win was at his back, I care - na, sin' he's come, Carle, We

were na worth a plack.

I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,
 I'm right glad to hear't;
 I hae a gude braid claymore,
 And for his sake I'll wean't;
 Sin' Charlie he is landed,
 We hae nae mair to fear;
 Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,
 We'll hae a jub'lee year.

The year that's awa'

Moderato.

Here's to the year that's a -

PIANO. *mf* *p*

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with some chords.

- wa'! We'll drink it in strong and in ama'; And here's to ilk bon-nie young

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, and a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

las - sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'! And here's to ilk bon-nie young

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, and a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

ad lib. *tempo.*

lassie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'.....

dim.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, and a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a final chord.

Here's to the soldier who bled—
To the sailor who bravely did fa'!
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, etc

Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blow!
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
May they live in our song, etc.

My ain fireside.

PIANO. *Andantino.*

O, I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la - dies a'

cov - er'd wi' braws: But a sight sae de - light - ful I trow I ne'er spied As the

bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire-side, My ain fire - side, my ain fire-side, O,

sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.

mf

Ance mair, heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome
 Wi' the frien's o' my youth I cordially mingle; (ingle,
 Nae forms to compel me to seem woe or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
 O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried
 There's nae half sae sure as aye's ain fireside;
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Marcato.
 PLANO. *f*

(Quasi Recit.)

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on il-ka hill, And Boreas, with his

blast sae bauld, Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill, Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife, She said to me right

has-ti-ly, Get up, guidman, save Crummie's life, And tak' your auld cloaka-bout ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
 And she has come of a good kin';
 Aft has sae wet the bairns' mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne.
 Get up, guidman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.
 My cloak was once a guid grey cloak
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I hae worn't this thretty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we'll dee;
 Then I'll be proud, for I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.
 In days when guid King Robert ran,
 His trows they cost but half-a-crown
 He said they were a groat owre dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.
 He was the King that wore the crown,
 And thou't a man o' low degree;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch, [law]
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule,
 Do ye no see see Rob, Jock, and Hah,
 How they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurkin in the asse?
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.
 Guidman, I wat it's thretty year,
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had atween us twa,
 O' lads and bonnie lasses ten.
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 And if ye prove a guid husband,
 E'n tak' your auld cloak about ye.
 Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm guidman.
 Nought's to be guid'd at women's ban
 Unless ye gie them a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff whero I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

The Braes of Balquhiddier.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f* *p*

Let us go, las-sie,
go To the braes of Bal-quhid-der, Where the blae-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie Highland
hea-ther; Where the deer and the rae, light-ly bound-ing to-geth-er, Sport the
animato.
lang sim-mer day 'Mang the braes o' Bal-quhid-der. Will ye go, las-sie, go To the
braes o' Bal-quhid-der, Where the blae-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie bloom-in' hea-ther?

I will twine thee a bow'r,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.
Will ye go, etc.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the inn
On the night-breeze is swelling;
Sae merrily we'll sing
As the storn rattles o'er us,
Till the deer shieling ring
Wi' the light liltin' chorus
Will ye go, etc.

Now the summer is in prime
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns,
'Mang the braes of Balquhiddier.
Will ye go, etc.

Highland Mary.

Lento.
 PIANO. *p*

Ye banks, and braes, and streams a-round The cas-tle o' Mont-go-me-ry, Green

be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters liev-er drum-lie! There sim-mer first un-

-faulds her robes, And there they lang-est tar-ry, For there I took the last fare-well, O

my sweet High-land Ma-ry.

dim.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary,

Wi' many a vow and lock'd embraces
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder:
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower saw early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
 I aft hae kiss'd see fondly!
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me so kindly;
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'd me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

O' a' the airts the win' can blaw.

Allegro.
PIANO.

O' a' the airts the win' can blaw I dear - ly lo'e the west, For

there the bon-nie las - sie lives, The las - sie I lo'e best: Tho' wild woods grow and rivers row, And

mo - ny a hill be - tween, Baith day and night my fan - cy's flight Is

ev - er wi' my Jean, I see her in the dew - y flow'rs, see

love - ly, sweet, and fair; I hear her voice in il - ka bird Wi'

mu - sic charm the air: There's not a bon - nie flow'r that springs By

foun - tain, shaw, or green, There's not a bon - nie bird that sings But

minds me o' my Jean.

O blow, ye weathin' winds, blow saft
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' gentle gale frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean;
 As smile o' her wad banish care,
 See lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
 Has passed atween us twa!
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,
 That day she gaed awa.
 The powers aboon can only ken
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That name can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

Maggie Lauder.

Allegro.

PIANO.

Wha wad-na he in love wi' bon-nie Mag-gie Lau-der? A pi-per met her gam to Fife, And

p *cresc. sempre.*

spier'd what wa's they ca'd her; Right scornfully she answer'd him, "Begone, you hal-lan-shak-er, Jog

on your gate, ye hladder state, My name is Mag-gie Lauder."

Maggie, quo' he, and by my bage
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my honnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bage,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bage he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
For bravly could she frisk it.

Weel done, quo' he: play up, quo' she:
Weel bobb'd, quo' Rob the Ranter;
It's worth my while to play, indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nae in Scotland plays aye weel,
Sin' we lost Habbie Simson.

I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

O puirtith cauld.

Affettuoso.
 PIANO.

O puir-tith cauld, and rest-less love, Ye wreck my peace be-tween ye; Yet

puir-tith a' I could for-gie, An't wer-na for my Jean-ie. O why should fate sic
cresc.

plen-sure have, Life's dear-est bands un-twin-ing? Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love De-

- pend on For-tune's shin-ing?

This world's wealth, when I think on
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fis, fie, on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.
 O why, etc.

Hier een, sae bonnie blue, betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword a'-
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why, etc.

O, wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O, wha can prudence think upon
 And sae in love as I am?

O why, etc.

How blest the humble cottar's fate—
 He wooes his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make him eerie.
 O why, etc.

I hae laid a herrin' in saut.

Allegretto.
 PLANO. *mf*

I hae laid a her - rin' in saut, Lass, gin ye lo'e me

tell me noo; I hae brew'd a four - pit o' maut, An' I can-na come il - ka day to woo.

I hae a cauf that'll soon be a cow, Lass, gin ye lo'e me tell me noo;

I hae a pig that'll soon be a sow, An I can-na come il - ka day to woo.

I hae a house on yonder muir,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 Three sparrows may dance on the floor
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I hae a but, an' I hae a ben,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 I hae three chickens an' a fat hen,
 An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I hae a hen wi' a happy leg,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 An' ilka day she lays me an egg,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I hae a kebbuck upon the shelf,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me tak' me noo;
 I canna eat it a' myself,
 An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza.

Andante.
PIANO. *mf*

Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za, Ae kind blink be - fore we

p

part, Rue on thy de - spair - ing lov - er, Canst thou break his faith - fu'

heart? Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za, If to love thy heart de -

- nies, For pi - ty hide the cru - el sen - tence Un - der friend - ship's kind dis - guise.

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended!
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
That thy presence g'ives to me.

Corn rigs are bonnie

Allegro moderato.
f *giocoso.*
 PIANO.

It was up - on a Lam - mas night, When corn rigs are bon - nie, Be

p

- neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I held a - wa' to An - nie: The

time flew by wi' tent - less heed Till 'tween the late and ear - ly, Wi'

sua' per - sua - sion she a - greed To see me through the bar - ley.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment, with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The third system shows a piano solo with a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes lyrics for the first two systems and a concluding piano section.

Corn rigs, and bar - ley rigs, Corn rigs are bon - nie; I'll
 ne'er for - get that hap - py night, A - mong the rigs wi' An - nie.
f

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly;
 I set her down wi' right good-will
 Among the rigs o' barley:
 I kent her heart was a' my ain,
 I loved her most sincerely;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
 Her heart was beating rarely;
 My blessing on that happy place
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 But, by the moon and stars so bright
 That shone that hour so clearly,
 She eye shall bless that happy night
 Among the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
 I hae been merry drinkin':
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear,
 I hae been happy thinkin';
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

The yellow-hair'd laddie.

Andantino.

PIANO. *mf*

The yel - low - hair'd lad - die sat down on yon brae, Cried, "Milk the ewes,

las - sie, let nane o' them gae." And aye as she milk - ed, sho

mer - ri - ly sang, "The yel-low-hair'd lad - die shall be my gude-man." And

be my gude - man."

1st time.

2nd time.

mf

The weather is cauld, and my clathing is thin :
The ewes are new clipped, and they winna bught in—
They winna bught in, although I should dee ;
O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.
They winna bught in, although I should dee ;
O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
The cheese is to make, and the butter's to kirk :
Though butter, and cheese, and a' should gang sour,
I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae hauf hour ;
It's ae lang hauf hour, and we'll e'en make it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shal. be.

Logan Water.

Lento.
PIANO. *mf*

By Lo - gan's streams that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've herd - ed sheep: I've

herd - ed sheep or gath - er'd slaes Wi' my dear lad on Lo - gan braes. But

wae's my heart, these days are gane, And, I wi' grief may herd a - lane, While

my dear lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me and Lo - gan braes.

dim.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachin's, meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing, thae days are gane,
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en when hope amais't is gone
I daun'er out or sit alane,
Or sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
O! could I see thae days again,
My lover skathless and my ain;
Delov'd by friends, and far frae faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

The Flowers o' the Forest.

Larghetto.

PLANO *dolce.*

I've seen the smil-ing of for - tune be-guil - ing, I've

p

tast - ed her plea-sures and felt her do-cay; Sweet was her bless-ing and

kind her ca - ress - ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a-way.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. The piano part begins with a 'dolce' marking. The voice part enters in the second system with the lyrics 'I've seen the smil-ing of for - tune be-guil - ing, I've'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'I've seen the smil-ing of for - tune be-guil - ing, I've', 'tast - ed her plea-sures and felt her do-cay; Sweet was her bless-ing and', and 'kind her ca - ress - ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a-way.' The piano part includes a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking in the second system.

I've seen the for - est a - dorn - ed the fore - most, Wi' flow'rs o' the fair - est baith

plea - sant and gay, Sae bon-nie was their bloom - ing, their scent the air per - fum - ing, But

now they are with - er'd and a we de a - way.

dim.

I've seen the morning
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempests storming before parting day,
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
 Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,
 Grow drumble and dark as they roll'd on their way

O fickle fortune!
 Why this cruel sporting?
 Oh! why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
 Thy frown canna fear me,
 Thy smile canna cheer me,
 Since the flowers o' the forest are a' we de away.

Gloomy winter's now awa'.

Moderato.

PLANO. *mf*

The musical score is written for piano in a moderate tempo. It consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Gloo-my win-ter's now a - wa', Saft the west-lin' breez-es blaw, Mang the birks o' Stan-ley shaw The

ma - vis sings fu' chee-rie, O; Sweet the craw-flow'r's ear - ly bell Decks Glen-if - fer's dew - y dell,

Blooming like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my art - less dear - is, O. Come, my las-sie, let us stray

O'er Glen-killoch's sun-ny brae, Blythe-ly spend the gow-den day Midst joys that nev-er wea-ry, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae briery, O;
 Round the silvan fairy nooks
 Feathery brakena fringe the rocks,
 Neath the brae the burnie jooks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O;
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna' bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

My Nannie, O.

Andante.

Be - hind yon hills where Lu-gar flows, Mang

PIANO. *mf*

moors and moss-es ma-ny, O, The win-try sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa' to

Nan-nie, O. The west-lin' wind blows loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and rai-ny, O, But I'll

get my plaid and out I'll steal, And o'er the hills to Nan-nie, O.

f

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 She's spotless as she's bonnie, O;
 The op'nin' gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O,
 But warld's gear never troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' lye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hands his plough,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O

Oh, saw ye my wee thing?

Andante espressivo.

PIANO. *mf*

Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?

Saw ye my true love down by yon lea? Cross'd she the mea-dow yes -

- treen at the gloam-in'? Sought she the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree? Her

hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white, Dark is the blue o' her

saft rolling e'e, Red, red her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ro - ses!

Whar could my wee thing hae wan-der'd frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 But I met a bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
 Down by the burnie whar flow'r's the haw-tree.
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white.
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e,
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leal heart, an' modest her nature,
 She never lo'ed only till once she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;
 Fair as your face is, we'r fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 And wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;
 Ye'e rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie!

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling;—
 Aft went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lovd' maid wi' the dark rolling e'e
 Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 O, Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

Bide ye yet.

Allegretto.

Piano. *p* *f* *p*

Gin I

had a wee house, and a can-tie wee fire, A bonnie wee wife to praise and admire, A bonnie wee gardie be -

- side a wee burn; Fare-weel to the bod-dies that yammer and mown. Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet, Ye

lit-tle ken what may be - tide me yet, Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot, And I'll aye be can-tie wi'

think - in' o't, wi' think - in' o't, wi' think - in' o't, I'll aye be can-tie wi' think - in' o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en
I'll get my wee wife fu' neat and fu' clean,
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knees
That will cry Papa or Daddy to me.
Sae bide ye yet, etc.

An' if there should happen ever to be
A difference atween my wife an' me,
In hearty good humour, although she be teased,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.
Sae bide ye yet, etc.

She's fair and fause.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f*

She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'ed her mei-kle and lang;... She's
bro-ken her vow, she's bro-ken my heart, And I may e'en gae hang.... A
coof cam'in wi' routh o' gear, And I ha'e tint my dear-est dear; But wo-man is but
ward's gear, Sae let the bon-nie lass gang....

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

And ye shall walk in silk attire.

Andantino.

And ye shall walk in

PIANO. *dolce.*

silk at-tire, and sil-ler ha'e to spare,.... Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor

think on Do-nald mair. O, wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor bro-ken

heart?.. Or what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whose meanest wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
For I ha'e vow'd a virgin's vow
My lover's fate to share:
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
And what can man do mair?
And ye shall walk, etc.

His mind and manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift,
And did I wish to see it back,
It wad be waur than theft;
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me,
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
And ye shall walk, etc.

The deuks dang ow're my daddie.

Moderato.

The bairns gat out wi an

PIANO. *f* *p*

un-co shout, The deuks dang ow're my dad-die, O, Quo' our guid-wife, "Let him lie there, For he's

just a paid-lin' bo-dy, O. He paid-les out an' he paid-les in, He paid-les late and

ear-ly, O, This thir-ty years I hae been his wife, And com-fort comes but spare-ly, O!"

"Now haud your tongue," quo' our gudeman,
 "And dinna be sae saucy, O;
 I've seen the day, and she hae ye,
 I was baith young and gaucy, O.
 I've seen the day you buttered my brase
 An' cuitered me late an' early, O;
 But auld age is on me now,
 And vow but I fin't richt sairly, O!"

My tocher's the jewel.

Allegro.

PLANO. *f*

O, meikle thinks my love o' my bean-ty, And mei-kle thinks my love o' my kin; But

lit-tle thinks my love I ken braw-ly, My tocher's the jew-el has charms for him. It's

a' for the ap-ple he'll nourish the tree; It's a' for the hon-ey he'll cher-ish the bee; My

lad die's sae mei-kle in love wi' the sil-ler, He can-na hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy,
 Bat an ye be crafty, I am cunning,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood.
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And we'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

Craigie-burn wood.

Andante espressivo.

PIANO. *mf*

Sweet fa's the eve on Crai-gie-burn, And blythe a-wakes the mor-row; But

p

a' the pride o' spring's re-turn Can yield me nought but sor-row. I

see the flow'rs and spread-ing trees, I hear the wild-birds sing-ing; But

what a wea-ry wight can please And care his bo-som wring-ing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet daurna for thine anger;
 But secret love will break my heart
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

The Maid of Islay.

Andante moderato.

PIANO, *mf*

Ris-ing o'er the heav-ing bil-low, Ev'ning gilds the o-cean's swell, While with thee, on gras-sy pil-low,

So-li-tude, I love to dwell. Lone-ly to the sea breeze blow-ing, Oft I chant my love-lorn strain:

To the streamlet, sweetly flowing, Murmur oft a lover's pain, 'Twas for her, the maid of Islay, Time flew o'er me wing'd wi' joy—

'Twas for her the cheering smile eye Beam'd with rap-ture in my eye.

Not the tempest raving round me,
Light'n'g's flash or thunder's roll;
Not the ocean's rage could wound me
While her image fill'd my soul.
Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn,

Farewell, hours, of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.